

It Seems to Me

By

Joe Williams

Pinch Hitting for Heywood Broun

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Your correspondent seems to be the Forgotten Man in this current hearing before the senate finance committee. Nobody seems to know where he is around, and so he merely reports each morning, picks himself out a comfortable chair and sits. He is by nature a very competent sitter.

He thought after yesterday's hearing that he might try to find out why, in the name of the Great Red Herring, he was called to the capital, so he approached Senator Huey Long of Louisiana, and remarked:

"I can not make head or tail of this thing, and inasmuch as I came here without even a change of handkerchiefs, I should like to be released tonight, or at least optioned to Newark for the rest of the season."

The senator took a look at my left eye. As I have reported previously, I am coddling a black eye. Almost instantly the senator developed a brotherly affection. "You and I should know each other better," he urged. "Where did you get it?"

The implication was not altogether flattering. My thoughts went back to that Long Island episode in which the senator was mysteriously socked. I could not help feeling that I was being looked upon as a setup, or, as we say in the senate, a pushover.

Signs of a Challenge Appear

THERE are many sacrificial things I would attempt for my country, but I am in no mood at present to enact the role of guinea pig for a non-winner senatorial fist-slinger. I mean it doesn't seem to me that there would be any great honor in being the first man in America to lose a decision to the senator from Louisiana.

"How about letting me get out of this joint and scram back to New York?" I cajoled in my best Addisonian English.

The senator thought it would be all right if I departed, since he professed to feel pretty happy about the progress of his case—up to the moment, anyway.

"But just to make it official," he cautioned, "you go to the chairman of the committee and yet yourself excused."

The chairman is Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, who is known as the greatest baseball fan in Washington, a fact which may or may not add to his importance as a deep-thinking, farsighted statesman.

I do not know who is being joshed by whom, but some minutes later the telephone rang and Senator Harrison's secretary advised me that it would be necessary for me to continue my temporary residence here because the senator from Louisiana did not want me to leave.

I have a troubled suspicion as to what that means. I am going to be challenged. Very likely there is in the making a contest between One-Punch Long and Battling Williams. My black eye has aroused a certain and, if I may suggest, an undue confidence in the senator's bosom. I am apparently the one guy he can kick.

And Rest of Nation Waits

I TRUST I am not being disrespectful to the senator or the business at hand, but I know of no other reason why I should be here. This hearing, to repeat, involves the nomination of a little gray-haired gentleman by the name of Moore as collector of internal revenue in Louisiana.

Just why in any sense my presence or background should have any bearing on this situation I do not know. But here I sit, hour after hour, in the committee room, wondering. Among other things I am wondering why the appointment of this little gray-haired gentleman is a matter of national concern.

For four or five hours each day the machinery of the government as represented by the senate is stopped to consider whether this gentleman should or should not be allowed to function in a comparatively minor office. During these hours the national government, theoretically, if not actually, is at an absolute standstill.

You sit here in the committee room and wonder how in the name of old Cy Young can this hearing have any possible bearing on the 10,000,000 men who are out of work, on the imaginative Dr. Wirt, on the army-navy program, on the far-flung NRA setup or on the new lively ball. Then you recall that you are in Washington and that helps to explain.

An Obliging Track Official

I DO not mean to suggest that the proceedings are wholly lacking in emotional interest. When Mr. Long gets to his feet and invites a barrister to meet him outside in fist combat that in itself is sufficient to yank you out of your lethargy. Instinctively you look around for a bookmaker. No man wishes to pass up a sure-thing bet.

At another stage Mr. Long, examining Colonel E. R. Bradley, the Palm Beach gambler, makes the gentle insinuation that in a case where a gentleman owns, operates and staffs his own race track it might be possible to predetermine the results of the races. It is here that you learn something.

The colonel, priestly looking, with thin graying hair and wearing a high starched white collar, looks at the senator and replies solemnly:

"Racing is the surest business in the world."

Another gentleman takes the stand to relate how on via New Orleans was taken aside by a track official who marked his program, giving him the winners of the last three races, the implication being that the track official knew in advance what was going to happen.

A square-faced senator, hunched up against a red-and-gold upholstered chair, pleaded with the witness to repeat his testimony.

"You mean to say this man said: 'Bet on these horses,' and these horses won?" the senator asked.

"That's what happened."

Your correspondent still is trying to learn the name of that track official and his present whereabouts.

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Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

MOTHERS have been so driven to nourish their children adequately that they are constantly between the fires of underweight and overweight. Another reason for this is the fact that the specialists are still arguing as to just what is the right weight for children of various heights and ages.

The ordinary height and weight tables of a previous decade are beginning to be subjected to some disagreement. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that any child who weighs 20 per cent more than the weight listed in these tables is fat.

It is recognized that some children are fat because their parents are fat, and it is the tendency of a child to repeat the body build of its parents. However, some authorities say that fat children of fat parents are fat because they imitate their fathers and mothers in their eating habits.

The authorities on the constitution of the human body insist that there is a family tendency to overweight in 88 per cent of cases.

ONE thing that doctors have observed is the fact that it is much easier to avoid gaining excessive weight than it is to take the weight off once it has been put on.

Mothers are so anxious to see their children grow that they are likely to drive them into the development of a large appetite. Children may get the habit of eating more than they require.

Moreover, a great deal of our modern advertising is a constant encouragement to eat more of more things. It has been found that a fat child is really not as healthful as one of normal weight, and fat children do not do as well if they develop the infectious diseases, diabetes or pneumonia.

The fat child is constantly being teased by his friends and is likely to develop a peculiar mental attitude.

WHEN POLITICS WAS IN FLOWER

The Tables Turned on Canny 'Big Jack'—The Time: 1900

BY TRISTRAM COFFIN
Times Staff Writer

AN excited crowd was clambering in the smoke-filled hall of the old Cyclorama building on Market street. Politicians rushed back and forth lining up votes. There were undertone conversations in the corners, shoutings and boos on the floor.

The old Sixth ward was meeting in the 1900 convention to send delegates to the state convention. The Republican nomination of Winfield T. Durbin for Governor was at stake.

At that distant date, candidates were elected by delegates who were chosen in ward meetings. The bitterest struggles were often fought tooth and nail in the wards. It was a form of democracy that made every citizen a potential politician. Campaign pledges and issues did not cloud the field. Every election was a mental struggle between personalities with ward leaders playing the game with a chess-like strategy.

In this Sixth ward meeting, dusky-skinned Negro ward heelers mingled with aristocratic whites. Drawing tones and clear-clipped accents rose into one swelling clamor. It was two days before the state convention.

Two sides were pitting their wits against each other. The anti-Durbin crowd was led by such prominent figures as Harry New, who later became postmaster-general, Ross Hawkins, Sam Fletcher and Fred Matson.

Against these men was Big Jack (William H. Jackson), Negro political leader. Big Jack is a brawny and imposing figure. He still figures prominently in Republican politics here. There was considerable feeling against the candidacy of Durbin, led by a Major Megraw who had served under Durbin in the Spanish-American war. Big Jack was determined to swing the Sixth ward for Durbin.

Whooping and yelling in jubilant outcry, the Big Jack mob swarmed into a saloon across the street. They hurled gibles back at the forlorn bunch in the hall. The anti-Durbin crowd merely smiled, acting as though they were gods. They knew when they were licked.

BETWEEN beers, Big Jack's men hammered at the ballot box. They tugged at it, they kicked it and they cursed it. But the box wouldn't yield. They seized a hammer and pounded, but the ballot box was resolute.

The voters passed slowly through the door as politicians made a last-minute haggling for votes. Big Jack's men gathered close around him as the votes were cast. There was an atmosphere of expectancy hanging in the hall apart from the usual casual bantering.

When the votes were cast there arose a cry from Big Jack. "The boxes are stuffed!" His henchmen took up the cry and it echoed around the crowded hall. "They were stuffing the boxes against Durbin."

It was part of a well-laid plan. His huge hand waving, Big Jack beckoned his followers

around him. From the surging, milling group, the Negroes moved toward Big Jack. At one end of the floor they formed a formidable flying wedge a tougher, more determined gang than ever was seen on a football field.

They charged down the hall, gathering a reckless momentum. The alarm broke, "Here they come, shouted husky voices, hoarse from campaigning. Down toward the hall flew the wedge. The Negroes grabbed the ballot box, shoving aside any who dared to interfere.

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WHAT actually had happened

was that the anti-Durbin men, knowing that the fight would be close because of the strong following Big Jack commanded in

the Big Jack crowd sung out profanely from the saloon. In quiet, orderly fashion the anti-Durbin crowd proceeded to elect delegates. Each man named was favorable to the candidacy of Durbin's opponent. The politicians who had engineered the move smiled like the traditional cat which had eaten the canary.

After the candidates had been certified, Big Jack stormed back into the Sixth ward gathering.

He demanded of outraged feelings that a new vote be taken. He charged his opponents with all the political sins of Tammany hall. He fairly sputtered with righteous indignation. "They got us out of the hall so they could vote their own way," he roared.

the Sixth ward, had slyly suggested to Big Jack that it would be a magnificent strategy to steal the ballot box. They had even conscientiously inferred that the box might be stuffed.

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The anti-Durbin leaders were very cool. They listened to Big Jack while he gave robust expression and politely nodded their heads. When Big Jack had finished his say, they asked calmly, "You stole the ballot box, didn't you?"

Big Jack said yes he had stolen the box, but it hadn't been worth while because he couldn't open the box.

"Then," said the triumphant anti-Durbin leaders, "your votes would be invalid because you stole the box."

That was another curious phase of the golf obsession among the addicts. Tex Rickard said he would rather find a new ball in the rough, lost by some one else, than a \$20 bill on the street, and a man playing the Biltmore course at Miami walked into a water hazard up to his neck trying to recover a ball which already had been played for nine holes.

GOING to 100

M. COSTELLO is unable to assure me that the

rich citizens who paid various experts from \$1,000 to \$5,000 for reducing their scores from 100 to 90 or from 90 to 80, did not backslide later on.

Usually the contract required that the pupil should shoot the stimulated score at least three times.

But after that it was up to him and further case histories of such subjects probably would show that they presently fell into their old faults and became the dubs that nature and perhaps providence intended them to be.

Golf was a grim game to the successful business man in the goofy era. He accumulated a great lot of expensive trash in his locker at the club and his catch-all closet at home, all of it purchased in simple hope, and abandoned in slow despair. He was almost willing to believe that even the cut of his bloomers could have some effect on his stroke. He persuaded himself that the golf course was a great place to talk business because golf was so humanizing and then went out and hammered his golf ball all over the path so that the only moments when he found himself within hailing distance of the other man were when they teed off and again on the green.

And at those moments they were both too intent on golf to discuss anything else. After that there was the nineteenth hole, but they probably got tight there and sang "Sweet Adeline."

There was a type of golf pupil who might be described as a mental case. His trouble was in his mind, not in his stroke. For such as that Mr. Costello sometimes used physiology. He would hand the afflicted one a box of new balls and tell him these balls had been doped by a secret process and would fly straighter and fifty yards farther. Sometimes it worked.

The golfers are wearing plain slacks and plain

short socks now. Their shirts are just white and their sweaters of solid color and not pale blue, either.

I do not believe our captains and pillars

have given up golf, but they are not paying from \$1,000 to \$5,000 any more to have their scores reduced ten strokes.

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Fair Enough

By

Westbrook Pegler

THE captains of industry and pillars of finance nowadays are much more casual about golf than they were in the time of the great American foolishness. This should be a good thing for industry and finance and not a bad thing for golf because some of the captains and pillars were a little childish about the game in the days of the great foolishness. They went in for apparel which would cause the blush of embarrassment to mantle the cheek of a village eccentric, including bright tassels on their stockings and picture writings from the tomb of King Tut on their sweaters, and made idols of a lot of loose-jointed young experts who just knew how to hit a golf ball right.

They were very pathetic in their earnest striving to hit the golf ball as the young experts did, and often paid them large checks for lopping ten strokes off their scores. There were familiar tales around the golf houses of professionals who had received \$5,000 or more for coaching rich citizens on a contract basis, and the private salaried instructor lived an easy life. It was his job to coach his wealthy club until the subject's game reached the highest development which his physical qualities permitted and, after that, to keep an eye cocked on his pupil against the recurrence of old faults.

Low Costello, an old hand at this golf evil, once had a two week's engagement at large salary to coach a customer who lived at Palm Beach. Mr. Costello's client had a personal full-time golf expert who followed him on all his travels, always on the cushions of course. But there occurred a sudden, mysterious fault in the great man's swing which did not yield to the private expert's treatment, so Mr. Costello was summoned as a consultant and moved to Palm Beach to attend the patient. He was in a serious condition, too. His irons were very bad and his woods looked hopeless.

In the evening they would meet and hold grave consultations on the state of the patient.

The victim began to show improvement at once and though he suffered two or three alarming relapses during the two weeks, at the end of that time he was pronounced cured. In one of these sudden turns for the worse, the rich man knocked two new balls into a muddy lagoon and, turning to the golf doctors, complained querulously, "What did you let me do for that? Those balls cost 75 cents apiece."

That was another curious phase of the golf obsession among the addicts. Tex Rickard said he would rather find a new ball in the rough, lost by some one else, than a \$20 bill on the street, and a man playing the Biltmore course at Miami walked into a water hazard up to his neck trying to recover a ball which already had been played for nine holes.

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